

Gadburies Prophetical Sayings:

O R,
The FOOL Judged out of the KNAVE's Mouth.



Multi multa Sciunt, fed ego nihil.

ALL hail, my Masters! health and peace to you
My Little Master, and my Mistress too;
That Girl, I mean, that sprung from Adam's Loins,
With whom full oft I have increast my Crimes,
We then were brisk: for they were pious Times.
All hail, my Ghostly Fathers! now you see
Our wicked Stars, how damn'd more oft they be;
They're suff'ring Times: in which I pry you
The pious Nuns, and all our holy Crew.
All hail, my Brethren! you the Starry Quacks,
Dull, blind and Empty, like our Almanacks;
Arm'd with our Follies, we compleat our Fate;
We rul'd the Stars: they us in Eighty Eight;
For that I'd hence renounce to live, or be,
Had my two Learned Brethren out-done me.
Shifting and shuffling with his Canting Strains,
His head, poor man's supply'd, but not with brains.
All hail, my Neighbours! I to you Appeal;
You know I kept my Church, you knew my Zeal;
Till a New Faith of a more glorious Strain
Attack'd my Cranium, and posselt my brain,
Which now you see I must renounce again.
All hail to Malachy! Almost forgot,
That us'd to go instead o'th' Powder-Plot.
All hail, good Catholics! [a sigh for that]
My Cozen Celliers: Father Teague and Nat.
All hail, my Friends! but give me leave to Cant,
As God shall save me, I'm a Protestant.

Perhaps you know my Face: well, be it so;
And yet I know not whither you do, or no:
After such Changes I my self have known,
Your Face, I may: but I scarce know my own.
Nay, should my Ghostly Father come, he'd swear
I'm not the man I was the other year.
I hug'd my rising Fortune in those times
Of being great by a new heap of Crimes:
All Faith's alike to me, so I grow fat,
I am, I am — but pardon that,
Can't I be what I please without Controul,
My Roman Face shews an accomplisht Soul.
They call me Rogue in publick, that I'll bear;
The plaguy thing that Nicks: I can't repair.
And that's [Curse on my Stars which still prevails]
Those damn'd Predictions of the Prince of Wales.
In former times when I such rubs did meet;
Cat-like, I always fell upon my feet:
I kept my stops, and time, and steps; but now
I dance, 'tis true, but like an ancient Cow:
Or like a Curious Spaniel, when they cry
Seek out; away he runs, and so did I.
Or like Dispensing Judges: Rave and tear,
Act all that's base: for Fools are void of fear;
But yet when catcht, what humble Rogues we are!
Or like a Monkey in an Antick Dress,
Who in a Crab-tree would his Tricks rehearse;
The more he skips, the more he shews his Arse:
even so did I.

J. G's VERSES about the Prince of WALES in his Almanack for the Year 1689. Travestied.

AL L hail, my Masters! Eighty Eight is gone;
That Year of wonders, which the World so fear'd;
Yet hath produc'd (for us to Anchor on)
A PRINCE of WALES! the Subject of each Bird.
And that thou now art mine, sweet Babe! forgive,
I de sing thy praises, and thy Vassal live.

In FEBRUARY.
Angels and Stars adorn'd this Royal BIRTH,
As if the Prince of Peace breath'd peace on Earth.
May it to War-like Britain prove, as he
Did to the World; [its Saviour to be!]
Gladdening the drooping Souls of Loyal Men;
And Madmen to their wits return agen.

In MARCH.
Who says that EIGHTY EIGHT nought signifies?
Sith such a radiant fixed Star did rise
In our Horizon? Can a PRINCE be born
That shall the World with Regal Acts adorn
In future times? and yet that fertile Year
Be passive thought, wherein he did appear?

In APRIL.
No, No! Sour Criticks! God doth dignify
The art of numbers with sweet Harmony.
How many Learned Pens have deign'd to write
Of things stupendous in EIGHTY EIGHT?
And lo! herein Great WALES, a Prince of bliss,
Born for the Ease of tender Consciences.

In MAY.
Thrice happy must that SENATE prove that shall
So meet their PRINCE: for to content us all!
Alas! mens minds and thoughts as different be,
As are their faces; like them disagree:
From such a LAW our King will ever shine
In future times, an English CONSTANTINE.

In JUNE.
By whose Example, Britain's after Kings
May shun the Cause whence dire Rebellion springs.
Nothing so surely keeps a Land in awe
As Ivory Love; the Christians Golden Law.
But Tyrants force makes people try their brains
A thousand ways to break their Bonds and Chains.

TRAVESTY.
All hail, my Masters! what is here to do;
A Year of Wonders dost thou call it John?
'Twas such a year, so fatal to your Crew,
It hath not left you ground to anchor on.
Let Chains then be their Lot, who humbly Crave,
And beg to be a Little Bastard's Slave.

Angels and Stars; why, what should they do there?
The man mistook, and meant the Prince o'th' Air.
Jack's Prince of Peace was by a fury brought;
Jeffries, you know, saw him come reeking hot.
We know his coming pleas'd the shaven Crew,
And with them [Jack] it did rejoyce us too.

Who says that Eighty Eight nought signifies?
If any do [though Jack himself] he lies.
It gave a Child, a new way got, and born,
Poor Abdicat'd Creature, all mens scorn.
It gave us Ease from our avowed Foe,
And gave the Papists too a Curs'd Blow.

No, No, four Criticks; we cannot deny
That Gadbury hath learnt to Cant and Lye;
Witness that Year with all these Lies and Tales
About the Glories of his Prince of Wales.
Poor harmless Babe, miscall'd a Prince of bliss;
Born for his Mother's Ease, not Consciences.

Thrice happy must that Land and Senate be,
That is from Popish Tyranny set free:
Let Priests lead fools; Let us abhor that thrall
That talks of freedom, when they chain 'em all.
'Twas from such Laws [that King resolv'd to shine]
As Lewis gives; and not a Constantine.

By whose Example must our after Kings,
Shun all those Causes whence dire Rebellion springs?
Your Prince of Wales I know; while your soft names
Of Golden Laws, are join'd to Iron Chains.
'Twas Tyrant-force made People try their Brains
To Abdicat's the Cause, and break their Chains.

In JULY.
But who doubts Ease and Quiet? Since we have
Heavens happy Earnest in a Prince so brave.
Born on that Day*, we justly Celebrate
The holy Feast o'th' blest Trismouraire.
As if the Sacred TRINE design'd thereby,
To raise Great BRITAIN'S Ancient PIETY.

In AUGUST.
Let's then contend, who shall best Tribute yield
To this Sweet PRINCE! On whom our Hopes we build
POETS pay Verses! VIRGINS Innocence!
MINERVA Wisdom! MARS brings strong defence.
Each Man brings OFFERINGS proper to his Sphere,
And none forget to breathe a HOLY PRAYER.

In SEPTEMBER.
And let September, [for the Mothers sake]
Of this blest'd Babe] a better Name partake.
The seventh Month were dull, but that we see
This matchless Princess in it born to be.
Bright MODENA, who hath enrich'd our Land;
May thy great Name in this Month ever stand.

In OCTOBER.
October! may't thou always prove
For God-like JAMES his Birth; a Prince, whose Love
Joyn'd with his Prudence, hath for us done more,
Than all the REFORMATION could before.
Oh! Let him Live and Reign to see this SON
Of Years and Pains fit for his Fathers Throne.

In NOVEMBER.
November brought forth Pious Katherine,
Portugal's Princess! England's virtuous Queen,
To whom, tho Heaven Children did deny;
She liv'd a hopeful Princess of WALES to see.
And let me speak it to her lasting FAME,
Gladly she gave the ROYAL BABE his Name.

In DECEMBER.
Now MUSE forbear! This year draws to an end;
Shun't thou, perhaps thou sayst thy Measures mend.
Thou gav'st such Hopes long since, of this blest'd Birth,
As warm'd each LOYAL HEART with Joy and Mirth.
But positive Truth suits not with Human Skill.
When that is Writ, an ANGEL guides the Quill.

Read gentle Reader: Read, and think his Crimes;
How base he is, that wrote these fulsome Lines.

TRAVESTY.
None need doubt Ease and Quiet, since we have
Heavens Gift and Blessing, in a Prince so brave:
Born to Restore our Peace; 'tis he alone,
Shall pull Tyrannick Popish Worship down:
This is the Man [not the Welch Prince] shall be
The true Restorer of our Liberty.

Here John tells truth, In this Sweet Prince, [said he]
Our Hopes are laid of all Felicity.
Each pays his Tribute: John alone, you see,
Abounds in his own Talents, Flattery;
This is his Offering, proper to his Sphere,
A precious Tool to breathe a Holy Prayer.

And let September never be forgot,
Nor Modena, nor yet the Bawdy-Plot;
Nor yet Dada, who as the Story tells,
Lent her his Hand, and with that Aarons Bell.
When Babes by Miracles are got, as said,
Farewel the ancient way of Sheets and Bed.

October did this Land a King afford,
A Prince, they say, that never broke his Word;
Whole Courage, Wit, and Conduct, hath done more,
Than all our Great Reformers could before.
His Reign was short and sweet, but ere 'twas done,
The consecrated Smock produc'd a Son.

November, hang't, that plaguy Powder-plot,
Which Jack so often willfully forget;
Nay, last year too; you see how good Men fails!
He thought of nothing then, but Prince of Wales.
To shew you too, his spreading Christian Fame:
He tells you, who did give the B. his Name.

Now Muse forbear! the Year draws to an end,
And bid Friend John, his next Years Measures mend.
Who, by his Hocus-pocus Priests and Tricks,
Foretold a Prince of Wales in Eighty six.
A likely Story! for he could not say,
When all his Makers were to run away,
Passive Obedience Stars will not obey.

J. G's SAYINGS, as he hath given them himself in divers of his Writings; shewing himself a Papist, &c. and also that he was sure Popery would stand in ENGLAND.

IMARS bodes likewise great oppositions in Councils, many Serpentine Debates; and a probability of the loss of sundry Charters and Privileges, perhaps long since forfeited, though by the merciful forbearance of good Princes, or Governors, no advantage hath hitherto been taken of them.

Moons Eclipse, Alman. 1682.
An Impudent Fellow to pretend to predict the taking away Charters by an Eclipse of the Moon. No, Jack, it was not the Stars, but the Popish Cabal sold you so.

II If Monarchs by their Favours Cities make,
And plotting Citizens those Charters break,
They justly lose such Power, when dare deny
Their Sovereign's Laws, and's Pleasure disobey.
'Tis prov'd a Legal Maxim, just and Strong,
Cities may Err, but Kings can do no Wrong.
In Almanack 1684.

III However, Let me humbly presume to affirm, That the Stars this Year (and several Years yet to come, nay, I hope for ever) are at an absolute enmity with the Enemies both of Church and State, &c. Epist. Almanack 1686
This was a warning to the Protestants, to let them know that Popery would continue. — Poor deluded Fool!

IV And (might my Muse Prophetick prove) I'd swear some Royal Prince (perhaps of Wales) draws near.
In August, 1686. As if the Bawdy Plot began so soon!

V True Science teacheth us obedience to God and the King: and to acquiesce in the Decrees and Determinations of our Holy Mother the Church. In Epist. Alman. 1688. A very good Protestant!

VI Oh! how we ought to magnify the God of Mercies for so immense a Blessing! so kind hath he been to us (Papists) out of his free and gracious Inclination, and (as it is reasonable to believe) to illustrate the Reign of his Royal Servant, our Gracious Sovereign; a Prince, as God would have it, (in whose hands are Times and Seasons) of the Primitive Faith and Piety, by a strange Providence brought thereto, and by as strange a Courage (which is nothing but Christian daring) to own it: An Argument to me demonstrative, that this Religion is not of Man, but of God.

VII Better all Religions be Indulged, than the one Ancient Faith Excluded, Persecuted and Harassed. — What Persecution the poor Catholics have endured ever since the time of Henry the VIII. Alman. 1688. In Prog. pag. 5. What think you, was Jack a Protestant, or not, in 1688. he says, he is so now. But a Liar ought to have a good Memory.

VIII To Rome none need be Slaves! 'Tis Herein Ingulphs our Souls, the True Church sets us free.
In the Reply, in June.

IX But France, unhappy France! hath so much done,
As (not to clear it, yet) to quit fast Rome.
The Reply, in October.

X Speaking of Powder Treason, he says; If this were really a Plot of the Papists hatching (we do not deny but there were some deluded Catholics in it, and suffered for it) it was the most ridiculous (next to Oates's Plot) that ever was heard. Reply, pag. 3. For that reason I judge Jack forgot the Fifth of November: Here's an Impudent Advocate for a Villanous Cause and Party!

XI This greatly Suffering Prince (says he) was Crowned at Westminster, Apr. 23. 1685. and there took an Oath, called the Coronation Oath, what then? was it not of his own free Choice? he was King of England without it. — that is not of irresistible obligation, but Prudence and Humanity that they do so. Reply, pag. 8. Ask Jack where that Law is written; and whether it is not a part of Kings-will's Magna Charta?

XII And well may we question that man's Loyalty to the King, that shall offer to plead for a Continuance of the Test against His Majesty's Royal Inclination. Reply, p. 11.

XIII Speaking of the Dispensing Judges; What have they done (says he) that looks like the Actions of Treason? with whom have they conspired? or against whom? what Country have they injur'd? or what single Persons have they oppress'd? Reply, pag. 10. Observe but the following Impudence in this thing; and think whether they were the greater Knaves for acting Villanies, or for justifying them in it.

XIV On the 11th of August, T Oates is to stand in the Pillory over against the Temple, and this every year as long as he lives. Alman. 1689. in August.

I believe they were Heretical Stars that cheated Honest Jack as this rate.

XV He wished to see the Prince of Orange, and the rest of his Great Ones brought Prisoners to London, to make Speeches at Tower-hill, and Tyburn. In the paper written for the Papists. Ob villain! that he should desire the Ruine of that Gentleman, to whom we all stand obliged for our deliverance from the destroyers.

XVI But to demonstrate I am no Papist; My Adversary for his more certain satisfaction, may if he please; very often see me in the Abby-Church of St. Peter's Westminster, in the time of Divine Service, if that will convince him. Cardines Colli, pag. 36. Sure? Who hath seen him there in the last two or three years? I suppose he meant well to the Church; but his ball-fulsness hindered his coming to it. Sure you will not judge him a Papist for that; will ye? — Apostate!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OH Ye! If any Man, Woman, or Child, in City, or County, above ground, or under it; or in any Abbey, Monastery, Nunnery, or any other of those Houses, can give any certain account where J. G. was married to his last Wife, and by whom; Let them repair to Brick-Court, and they shall be well rewarded.

All Persons that are desirous to be instructed in the Arts of Popery; Sedition, Rebellion, Reporting False News, and to be furnished with Arguments against taking the Oaths of Allegiance to their present Majesty; Let them repair to the Professor of Sedition, in Brick-court, at his usual Office, and they need not want their desire.